A Coffee a Day (Or Three, Who's Counting?)
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A Coffee a Day (Or Three, Who's Counting?)

by ShadeCrawler

Summary

Shouta begins his love affair with coffee while his Monday morning starts. It's looking to be a difficult week. At least he has his coffee to help get him through it.

Notes

Okay, I'm done with this section. I have a makeup exam tomorrow so, hopefully, I'll be able to write more after it. Enjoy!

Shouta made it to homeroom on Monday earlier than normal for him. Usually, entry time was approximately ten seconds before the morning bell rang, so to be in the classroom a full twenty minutes prior to homeroom starting was really saying something.

Iida did a double take from where he was sitting at his desk like he needed to check to see if what he was seeing was real. Shouta gave him a dry look and sipped at his coffee with a sigh. It was the good stuff, the stuff that he had denied himself the night before so he could be in the classroom early. The Italian coffee left a bitter and slightly chocolatey taste in Shouta's mouth. God, he wished he could marry this coffee. He would if he could. Though, Hizashi would get jealous. Shouta would have to settle for buying another bag. Coffee affairs aside, he glanced over to one of the two reasons that he had decided to go to school early this morning.

It was the first morning without Bakugou in his class and Shinsou in it. As far as Shouta was aware, the night before had gone well. There had been no discriminatory comments aimed toward his student and the dorms had still been standing when morning had come. Maybe Shouta was being too overcautious. He really did feel that the majority of his students were good kids. Nineteen out of twenty but he was working on that last one. But this situation was new for everyone and his students were kids. And Shouta knew better than most that even great kids could be cruel even unintentionally. And there was that one outlier. Mineta may have said nothing more to Shinsou after Shouta had put him on academic probation but Shouta was keeping a close eye on him. There was no way in hell that Shouta would allow his protégé to live in a dorm with whispers of *villain* in his ears. Not if Shouta had any say in it.

But Shinsou looked good. Relaxed, if a bit tired. He was sitting in his seat, his chair turned around, so he was facing Midoriya's desk with his chin resting in his hand and a tired smile on his face. He and Midoriya were leaning in close to each other and Shouta could see Problem Child's hands moving quickly as he went on about something. The boy was talking too quietly for Shouta to hear from his place at the front of the room but, if Shinsou's expression was anything to go by, it was riveting.

Shouta sat down at his desk and took a deep sip of his coffee and sighed softly. Monday had always been his favourite day of the week. No one ever believed him when he told them that. Even Hizashi had given him a scandalized look and muttered something about how

Monday mornings could go die in a hole for all he cared. He couldn't exactly blame him. To most, Monday mornings were the start of the work week where they had to wake up early after a weekend of sleeping in. But to Shouta? Mondays were a new beginning. A fresh start.

The upset of the week before was behind him and Shouta could now start fresh. He had his Italian soulmate, Bakugou out of his class, Shinsou in said class, and the situation with his Problem Child was being dealt with. Shouta would be picking Yagi up at the airport after classes today, and could finally have the *talk* he'd been stewing over the last few days. It was a masterpiece, and something that would no doubt take all of his precious energy, but he'd ran this conversation over his head a thousand times and there were just so many things he had to address for everyone's continued safety. He would also be having coffee with Sakura at lunch.

Shouta tightened his grip on his coffee mug at the thought of meeting with his . . . acquaintance? Old friend? It had been so easy to label her as a friend after speaking with her the day before but, now that Shouta had time to think and fret over it, he wasn't sure. He was excited to meet with her. Nemuri hadn't been lying where she had said that Sakura had a sharp tongue. She must have spent years honing after one too many quirkest assholes had made their unwanted opinion known. And Shouta did love conversations with other people who had just enough wit that Shouta didn't need to worry about dulling his own for their sakes. It was a nice change from all the idiots that Shouta had to converse with on a daily basis. He couldn't help but spare a thought for the shy, soft spoken girl and emphases with how painful it must of been realising she needed to change and building those walls

But Shouta was not good with new things. There were many instances that Shouta could point to where he had reacted to new changes in his life with all the grace of a new baby deer. Hizashi still loved to bring up how on their first date, Shouta had been so nervous and awkward that he had introduced himself to Hizashi when he got there. Like he was on a fucking blind date or something. Hizashi had been half convinced that Shouta was a shapeshifter or something and made Shouta use his quirk to prove that he was who he said he was. And then had proceeded to try and muffle his laughter for ten minutes while Shouta tried to drown himself in his shitty café coffee. And Shouta just knew that he was going to do something just as humiliating on this lunch with Sakura. Probably something that would be brought up just as much as the story of introducing himself to his

three-year friend on their first date.

But the worst of it? As happy that Shouta was to get to be friends with Sakura, he didn't know her. Shouta was going to have to walk into that coffee place and attempt *small talk*. Probably have to talk about *himself*. Shouta barely even knew himself, how the *hell* was he supposed to talk about it?

A problem for future Shouta. Present Shouta's thought process was drawn over to Problem Child's. The second reason that he got to class early today.

In the past week, Shouta had learnt more about Midoriya than he ever expected to learn in a lifetime. A quirkless child given the power of the Gods who was then expected to compete with those who've had their powers for near a decade. All while having his childhood bully in close proximity the entire time. Things were better now, more settled. Shouta was hopeful that having Bakugou taken out of the class would do wonders for Midoriya's mental health. Shouta would love to see his timid and anxious student open up more and become a little more confident in himself. Without Bakugou there, putting him down all the time, Shouta could see Midoriya growing leaps and bounds in terms of self-confidence.

But it was the first day without Bakugou there. And Midoriya didn't yet have that self-confidence that Shouta knew he could have outside of battle. This was a very stressful and difficult time for the entire class but Midoriya was right in the center of it all and with how shy the boy could be, Shouta wanted to be here bright and early to see how he was handling it all. And tell him about his new schedule that Shouta had spent the night preparing.

After watching the video of Shinsou's exam the night before, Hizashi had excused himself to bed. But Shouta had been too agitated to properly sleep. He had been lying in bed, restless and anxious on how he was going to handle everything the next day. The talk with Yagi weighed heavy on his mind as well as the lunch he was going to have with Sakura. So, he had decided to go to the one other teacher that was usually awake at three am and someone that he had shared regular late-night coffees with. Hound Dog.

The conversation that he had with the other hero about Midoriya had lasted until six AM, the time he usually got up to go check on the dorms to make sure that they were still standing. Hound Dog had listened intently, growling a little throughout some of the harder bits

but the two of them had ultimately managed to pick together a new schedule for Shouta's student. Therapy sessions with Hound Dog every other Monday after school, Quirk counseling lessons on Wednesday and Friday during free period, and lessons with Hizashi after school on Tuesdays and Thursday that could last anywhere from thirty minutes to an hour and a half. And there was something else that could be added to Midoriya's schedule but Shouta wanted to talk with the Problem Child himself first before going forward with mark it down in a time slot.

Shouta glanced down at his phone as it buzzed, pulling up the text message and had to push down a fond smile when he saw that it was Hizashi who had messaged him. It was a selfie of him standing at his podium, making a face into the camera. There were a few students behind him, one of them giggling into their hands and the other two making peace signs with bright grins. [Mondays fucking suck but me and my kiddos are ready to face the day! Look at those bright smiles! Oh, and tell Shinsou that a couple of the kids were telling me to tell him that they miss him in the dorms already!]

There was a pause before a new message popped up. [Bakugou's doing okay so far. No explosions or screaming so that's good. There was a bit of a tense moment when he tried getting Bushida to get out of 'his seat' at the front but that girl is a spitfire, I swear. Glared him right down and calmly said that she had been sitting there since the start of the year and wouldn't be giving it up anytime soon. I was about to step in when the kid just glared at her and went to Shinsou's old seat at the back. I think he's not willing to try anything right now 'cause of his probation and everything. But I'm keeping a close eye on him.]

Shouta hummed and texted his husband back, squinting at the bright light from the screen. [Good. Shinsou's doing fine. He's getting along good with Problem Child and there hasn't been any incidents so far. Tell me if Bakugou does anything. I'll pick you up something when I go get coffee with Boukyaku.] Shouta paused and snapped a picture of his coffee mug, sending it alongside the message.

[Best Husband! You are the best husband! I'd like anything chocolate! And no more than one mug, Shouchan! You'll regret it later if you drink too much of that Italian coffee in one sitting. The bag's not that big.]

Shouta wrinkled his nose and stuffed his phone back in his pocket. Hizashi wasn't wrong. The bag was pretty damn small. He sighed and glanced over to where Midoriya was rambling, making big movements

with his hands and speaking just loud enough that Shouta could hear from the front of the room.

"- and that might be enough to trap Aizawa-sensei properly this time!" Oh. They were talking about the Underground lessons. If Midoriya was this excited about them, then maybe he'd be willing to add them to his schedule on the weekends full time. "Think about it, Hitoshi-kun! Maybe we could use his capture scarf *against him!"*

Shinsou laughed and made shushing sounds, his voice barely loud enough for Shouta to hear. "Shhhh! He's right there, Bone Breaker, he'll hear! But we'll try it next time. You're probably strong enough even without your quirk to do it."

Oh. Oh, this was adorable. They were going to try and grab the capture scarf when he threw a strand at them and use the momentum to get him off balanced. This was just precious. Almost cute enough for Shouta to ignore what they were saying and let them try it. *Almost.* They should know better than to talk plans in front of the person they were planning on attacking.

"Midoriya." Shouta arched an eyebrow when both of the kids jumped in his seat, Shinsou and Midoriya turning to look at him with expressions of children with their hands caught in the cookie jar. "Up front, please."

Midoriya nodded, scrambling out of his chair with a chirped, "Yes, sensei!" He quickly made his way to Shouta's desk, hands folded behind his back. He was shifting on the balls of his feet with a type of nervous energy that seemed permanent to the kid. But he was smiling at Shouta and seemed more relaxed than he usually did so Shouta would take it as a win.

He pulled out Midoriya's new schedule from one of his inner pockets and offered it to the boy. "Here. Your new schedule."

"Oh, thank you, sensei!" Midoriya took it and paused as he looked it over. "Am I having a meeting today with, um," he glanced behind him shyly, seemingly too nervous to say that he was meeting with a therapist in front of his classmates, even though it was only Iida, Shinsou, and a half awake Kaminari there at the moment. Not that Shouta could blame him. While he was rather open about attending therapy now, he had hidden it with a ferocity that he usually only saved for battles when he was a teenager.

"Yes," Shouta confirmed with a nod. "You know where to meet him,

right?" He hummed at Midoriya answering nod. "Good. Three o'clock, Problem Child. And," he picked up a pen and pointed at the weekend blocks on the schedule, "on Saturday and Sunday, myself and Shinsou do Underground lessons for about two hours a day. Depending on how things go on the day. How do you feel of adding that to the schedule?"

Midoriya's eyes lit up and he nodded eagerly. "Yes, that sounds amazing, sensei!"

Shouta nodded and wrote in the time and place that he'd be holding the lessons in the weekend blocks. "Good. And that is the *only* training that you'll be doing on the weekends. If I think you're pushing yourself past your limits, they stop. Understand, Problem Child?"

"Yes, I understand, Aizawa-sensei." He grinned at Shouta happily, folding the schedule up and putting it in his pocket. He fiddled with his tie, drawing Shouta's attention to the tangled mess. "Thank you again!"

"No problem, kid. But," he arched an eyebrow and nodded to the tie, "don't you think it's time that you learn to tie that thing properly, Problem Child?"

Midoriya flushed bright red and shrugged. "Probably. I looked up tutorials and stuff, but I couldn't get it right. And sometimes my hand stiffens up a little and I can't get it right. Recovery Girl gave me a hot compress and some exercises to do when that happens though."

Shouta hummed and nodded, gesturing for Midoriya to come around the desk. When he did, Shouta reached up and undid the tie, slowly starting to do a simple Four-in-hand knot. "Watch closely, Problem Child. This is the simplest knot there is for ties. It's called a four-in-hand. I understand if your hands make it difficult to work your tie, but this should be a fairly simple one to do even with the stiffness." He finished the knot and nodded firmly. "There you go. Practice it on your own and ask a friend for help on the days that your hands act up. Got it, kid?"

"Yes, sensei," Midoriya said, nodding eagerly. He grinned at him and gave a small bow before hurrying back to his desk.

"Oh, and Midoriya? Shinsou?" He grinned sharply at the two of them when they turned to look at him. "Maybe don't plan in front of the enemy."

Shinsou groaned and swatted Midoriya's arm while Midoriya

sputtered excuses with a bright red face. Not a bad start to the day.

"You're freaking out."

Shouta gave Nemuri a dry look over his coffee mug. "You're delusional." It was directly after homeroom and Shouta was making his way to the General Education wing to teach law and ethics to 1-C. Homeroom had gone well, turning into a self-study session for the kids and an impromptu nap time for Shouta. While there had been some nervous and heated looks sent Shinsou's way by Mineta, nothing had happened that required Shouta's intervention. Bakugou's friend group, while obviously missing their friend, were nothing but friendly to their new classmate. If the pleasant greetings had been twinged with a bit of sadness at seeing someone else in Bakugou's seat than Shinsou was smart enough not to mention it. All in all, not the worst homeroom that Shouta had ever sat through. "It's Monday. I like Mondays. I'm not freaking out."

Nemuri pressed a finger to her cheek and smirked. "Hmmm, I think you're lying, Shouchan. You got that look on your face."

"What look?"

Nemuri giggled and nodded, her face shifting into an obviously teasing impressive of Shouta's own deadpan expression. "Yep. That expression that just screams, '*I'm perfectly happy with ignoring all of my problems until they explode and when they do, I'll shift the blame onto either Hizashi or Nemuri*.'"

Shouta shrugged. "To be fair, it usually is your fault when things go wrong." He sipped at the last of his now lukewarm coffee and glared down at it when he only got a single mouthful. Dammit. It would be time to go buy a new bag of it soon. "But I'm fine, 'muri. You and Hizashi worry too much."

"I think we worry a perfectly normal amount," Nemuri shot back. She hummed and sipped at her own drink. A pink Frappuccino that one of her third years probably gave her. Nemuri's homeroom, 3-I, was a little different since it was a business course. She usually just supervised as they worked on various business plans and the like. The Frappuccino was one of the newest drinks aimed towards heroes that a third-year business student was experimenting with. If Shouta was remembering correctly, this one was called the 'Mount Lady Strawberry Blend'. "Let me guess. Does this have anything to do with

the fact that you're going to be meeting with my lovely new assistant today for lunch? Are you and 'Zashi looking for a third 'cause," she slid closer with a smirk, "I'm always willing."

The two of them stared at each other, Shouta with a deadpan expression and Nemuri with a sultry one, for approximately three seconds before Nemuri burst out into giggles and Shouta had to look away before he broke too.

Shouta rolled his eyes with a smirk. "Thank you, but I'm very gay. It's just lunch. I shouldn't, I'm *not* worried over it."

Nemuri laughed and shrugged carelessly. "It's okay if you are. I know that Boukyaku-chan's a little nervous too. I mean, you guys haven't talked in two decades, right? Lots to catch up on." She must've caught Shouta's look of annoyance and snorted. "Oh, I forgot. You hate small talk."

"I do hate small talk," Shouta agreed. "I have no idea what we're supposed to talk about at lunch. Should I talk about myself? I was an asshole who got into heroics by kicking everyone's ass in the Sports Festival. I'm now an asshole who teach children how to survive out on the field. Done."

Nemuri pointed at him with a smirk. "Wrong. You're also an asshole who has two cats, a husband, and a perfect best friend in me."

Shouta rolled his eyes as the two of them stopped in front of 1-C's classroom. "Oh, I forgot. There's also that too."

"It doesn't have to be so hard, Shou. Look, just, listen to her while you sit there with a brooding expression? Talk shit about people?" Nemuri grinned. "I heard that she hates Endeavour."

Shouta paused, hand frozen on the doorknob to the 1-C classroom. ". . . Does she now?" Shouta could *work* with that.

Nemuri winked at him and bumped her shoulder against his. "Sure does. Thank me later." She walked away, loudly slurping away at her Frappuccino as she did.

Shouta rolled his eyes and opened the door to the 1-C classroom, walking in and setting his mug on Hizashi's desk with a thud. His husband had already left, probably already teaching English to Shouta's little hellions. Immediately, the General Education kids straightened in their seats and turned to the front. Bakugou snapped

to attention, looking at Shouta with a mixture of surprise and anger. “Good Morning, Aizawa-sensei,” they chorused.

Shouta hummed and nodded tiredly. “Good morning,” he hummed, looking over the kids. Bakugou blinked in surprise at the almost *nice* tone coming from Shouta. “Bushida, Jackson, please collect the assignments and set them on my desk. Bakugou, Yamada-sensei should’ve already given it to you this morning. I expect it by Friday morning.” Bushida and Jackson, an American transfer student with fairy wings, nodded and got to work collecting the assignments.

One of the students, Ishida Sora, raised her hand. “Aizawa-sensei, is it okay if some of us hand ours in at lunch? The printer wasn’t working at the dorms this morning or yesterday and we couldn’t print them off. We sent you an email about it yesterday, but we didn’t get an answer.”

“I didn’t check my email yesterday. That’s fine. I won’t be here but just drop them off at the teachers’ lounge and I’ll get them.” Shouta ignored the shocked look coming from Bakugou and leaned against his desk. It always surprised people how lax he was with the General Education kids compared to the Heroics kids. What they failed to consider that Shouta wouldn’t be sending the General Education children out into live combat one day. These kids were going onto become teachers or lawyers or some other, hopefully, safeish career. He could afford to give them a little leeway every so often. They wouldn’t be in life-or-death situations in the near-future. “This will be a self-study session since you have a test next Monday and I’m feeling generous today. Read chapter six in your textbook or talk among yourselves.” Shouta sat down at Hizashi’s desk and pointed at them warningly. “No deathmatches or debates,” he ordered, giving Bakugou a pointed look at the deathmatches bit which earned him a glare. “Keep the noise to a minimum and come to me if you need help with anything.”

“Oh, wait, Aizawa-sensei!”

Shouta arched an eyebrow at the person who asked, a small kid named Sato Yuri with a lizard tail. “Yes?”

“How’s Shinsou-kun doing,” They asked excitedly. Shouta saw Bakugou tense from the corner of his eye. “Are the heroics kids treating him right. We left him in the group chat, and he said he’s doing fine but we wanted to check, you know?”

Shouta nodded. “Shinsou is doing fine. I imagine that you’ll be able to talk to him more at lunch.”

The kids all broke into conversation, a lot of them grinning happily. This class was a group of good kids, no hints of discrimination in them. Just happy that one of the *‘rejects’* managed to crawl their way up to heroics. Shouta still remembered how his 1-C class was when he was still a student. They had actually thrown him a pizza party when he had won the Sports Festival. It certainly helped that Nezu had expelled all the quirkest kids by that point. “That’s great,” Jackson chirped with a grin. “He’ll be a great hero!”

Bakugou scoffed, drawing attention to him. “Yeah *right.*”

Jackson paused and turned around with a frown. “Got something to say, blasty?”

“Yeah, you Tinkerbell-“

Shouta’s eyes flashed red in warning and he tapped his knuckles against the desk loudly. “That’s enough. Bakugou, Jackson, eyes on your books. You all know the rules about fighting and I do *not* want to have to report anything to Yamada-sensei. Got it?”

The two boys glared at each other before turning back to their textbooks with matching scowls. Shouta huffed and grabbed the assignments that had been handed in.. He started to grade them while keeping one ear on the students’ conversation. Luckily, aside from some tense comments coming both from and to Bakugou, the period passed peacefully. Before Shouta even realized it, the bell was ringing and Shouta’s free period was starting. *Perfect.*

Now just one more period before his lunch with Sakura. *Perfect.*

Shouta walked into the coffee café that he was meeting Sakura at with the energy that he figured that he would have when walking into a mission that had a high percentage of his death. With a calm self-assurance that he could climb out the nearest window if things went sideway.

Sakura was there waiting for him at a table by a window, on her phone and tapping away at it. Shouta hesitated before deciding to stall by going to the counter to order some food. He leaned back on his heels and ordered a chocolate muffin to bring back to Hizashi and a

black coffee and a panini for himself. He was going to need the energy from it for the real event of the day. The awkward luncheon with Boukyaku was only the opening event. In exactly three and a half hours, Shouta would be waiting outside of Matsufa airport. Waiting to spring his trap on the former number one hero.

That would be fun.

Shouta took the coffee and bag of food with a quiet, “Thank you,” before sighing and moving over to where Sakura was sitting. He sat down across from her and nodded politely when she looked up. “Sakura-san. Good afternoon. I can’t stay long, unfortunately. I have an ethics class in thirty minutes.” It would be a good one too. Amajiki was a shy and timid boy but he could be absolutely ruthless when it came to debates. If he forgot that people were looking at him, that is.

“Oh, that’s fine, Shouta-senpai,” Sakura said with an awkward smile, sipping at her own coffee. Looks like Nemuri was right on the money with Sakura being just as nervous as Shouta. Not that surprising. Nemuri was usually right about things like this. “I have to set up a meeting for Kayama-san for this weekend anyway so I can’t stay long either.” She sipped at her latte and smiled. “So, how’s your day going so far?”

Oh God *dammit*. Small talk. Shouta *knew it*, he *knew* that there was going to be small talk. “Fine,” he grunted. “Normal school day just like always.”

“Oh, that’s good.”

“Yep. . . Your day?”

“Oh, it’s fine. Same old, same old.”

An awkward silence settled on them and Shouta inwardly swore. It was times like this that Shouta wished that he had a quirk where could fast forward time. Go past the part where Shouta and Sakura had already had a nice, if slightly awkward at the start, lunch and arrive at the part where he was standing on Yagi’s neck and demanding answers out of him. If Shouta was being honest, that was the thing that he was looking forward to the most out of the day. Finally get in depth answers about what the *hell* Yagi had been thinking about multiple past events.

But first, he had to stumble his way throughout this lunch. So Shouta played his Hail Mary card early. “So, Nemuri says that you hate

Endeavour." Immediately, Sakura snorted, putting a hand to her mouth to hide her smile. Shouta felt an embarrassed flush crawl up his cheeks at her laughter. "What?"

"Did Kayama-san give you topics to talk about if you couldn't think of anything to say," Sakura asked, her smile becoming a little more genuine. "Because I got a text just a few minutes before you got here telling me to mention how Limelight heroes are overrated and just sit back and let you rant."

Fucking Nemuri. Shouta was the youngest of four children, Shouta being the only boy, and he could say with absolute certainty that Nemuri was the epitome of an older sister. Well meaning, often right, and fucking annoying.

Shouta's lips twitched up and he inclined his head. "She did. I'm not . . . the *best* with small talk. I usually make friends during life-or-death situations, a precaution of the job, unfortunately. So, by the time I go get coffee with someone, there's not much need for it. What's the use of small talk after you've already saved someone from a knife in the back?"

Sakura chuckled and sipped at her coffee. "I can't really relate to that, but this is kind of new for me too. I don't go to places with a lot of people either until I know them better. Just a precaution, you know?" She shrugged and fiddled with the takeaway cup. She smiled dryly. "Better to be sure that the person you're meeting isn't meeting you for . . . less than friendly reasons."

Shouta frowned and leaned forward, feeling the same protectiveness that rose whenever someone eyed up Nemuri or some troll said something nasty about Hizashi online. "Less than friendly reasons?"

"I'm a quirkless woman, Shouta-senpai," Sakura chuckled mirthlessly. "I walk around with my keys tucked between the fingers of one hand and my other hand gripping a bottle of pepper spray. It's not that different from any other quirkless person in the world."

Suddenly, the statistics of Quirkless people that Shouta had read before flashed through his head. 85% Quirkless people before the age of eighteen would have experienced assault, hate crimes, and various other things that made Shouta want to shoot someone in the fucking head. The thought of Sakura going through those things made his grip on his coffee cup tightened. And then the mental image of Sakura

shifted to the mental image of a small Midoriya and Shouta had to set his coffee cup down before his nails broke through the cheap plastic and cheap coffee went everywhere. “That’s terrible,” was all Shouta could get out.

Sakura shrugged. “You get used to it.”

“You shouldn’t have had to.” No one should be used to things like that. So used to it that they just dismissed it as a fact of life. Shouta distantly wondered if that’s why Midoriya was so accepting of Bakugou’s treatment of him. Wondered if Midoriya thought that because he had been Quirkless for so long that Bakugou’s behaviour had been normal. Accepted even. The fact that no adult had ever spoken up or said differently probably just cemented that into Midoriya’s young, impressionable mind. Shouta wondered what Midoriya’s mother had done to fight these misconceptions and made a mental note to speak to Midoriya later about his mother to probe further. He hadn’t forgotten those statistics about the high chances of abuse of Quirkless children. “It’s disgusting what Quirkless people have to go through. Quirks are too important in today’s society.”

Sakura grinned and slammed her hand down on the table. “Exactly! My little Shouko, my baby girl, she has a quirk where she can make little shapes in the shadows and even make them solid for a bit. I think it’s amazing but the kids at her school? They call her a villain over it! She’s *six* and they’re calling my baby a villain.” She huffed and shook her head in disgust. “I’m looking for a new school now for her.”

A cold feeling in Shouta’s gut settled at the thought of a six-year-old being called a villain and he could feel the phantom burning of fingertips on the back of his neck. He grabbed the back of his neck and forced back a full body shudder. “I might be able to give you a name of a few schools,” he managed to get out. “I’ll text you the names of them later. But . . . coming from someone with a supposed villain’s quirk, I can say that it’ll be very difficult for her growing up. Perhaps not the same as it was for you,” he said softly, “but still difficult. Most people think that quirks should be either cute and bubbly or something perfect for combat. But people with villains’ quirks or useless quirks or no quirks,” he trailed off.

Sakura’s sharp grin dulled into a grim line. “We’re shuffled off to the side.”

For a moment, the two of them just sat at that café table

silently. Shouta closed his eyes and forced himself to fight down that spark of anger that just kept growing. Not yet. This wasn't the time to use this anger. The time would come later but not now. He took a long sip of his coffee, the scalding liquid leaving a bitter taste in his mouth. "I hope one day," he grunted, putting his cup down on the table with a thud, "that I get the pleasure of having a quirkless kid in my class."

Sakura glanced up at him and, for a spilt second, she looked like that nine-year-old with reluctant, wary hope in her eyes. "You'd teach a Quirkless kid to be a hero, Senpai?"

"Without a moment of hesitation. If they'd be willing to put in the work, then so would I." Shouta's smile grew sharp and dangerous. "I'm a bit tired of having people say what others can and can't be. It'd be nice to get a Quirkless hero out in the world."

"It'd get the news stations in a tiff, that's for sure," Sakura laughed. "Can you imagine the headlines? *First Quirkless hero: A milestone or setting a dangerous precedent?* I'd like to see a Quirkless hero, I think. I never imagined being a hero when I was a kid but, then again, there weren't any like me. Maybe if there was one out there then my life would've been a bit different." She shrugged with a soft smile. "I hope I live to see that one day."

Shouta shrugged. "Yuuei accepts Quirkless kids now. It's only a matter of time until it happens. When it does, I'll get you their first autograph."

"I'd appreciate that, senpai." Sakura jumped when her phone buzzed and she looked down at it, letting out a squeak at what she saw. "Oh my gosh, I gotta go. There's a bit of an emergency happening back at Kayama-san's agency. Nothing life threatening," she rushed to reassure. "One of the interns' quirks got out of control and soaked some very important paperwork that we're gonna need later on this week. They really need me there right now. I'm *so* sorry, senpai, but I gotta go."

"It's alright," Shouta said, standing and grabbing his little takeaway bag and coffee cup. "I should be going too if I'm going to get back to Yuuei in time. I have a debate to prepare for between two third year classes. And then I have to go pick someone up." And ruthlessly interrogate them on why they thought putting a fourteen-year-old, a fucking *child,* in a position of extreme danger and not *telling anyone* was a good idea. "It was . . . nice having coffee with you, Sakura-san. We should do this again."

Sakura grinned. “Oh, you *have* to come over to my place next time. Shouko would love to meet you. She wants to be a hero when she’s older and meeting someone else with a,” she wrinkled her nose, “*villain’s quirk* would really help her, I think.”

Shouta nodded, gripping the bag tightly. He wondered what life would’ve been like for him if he had a hero with a villain’s quirk when he had been young. If life would’ve been a bit easier knowing that there had been someone else like him in the world who had succeeded where everyone said that Shouta would fail. He pushed that thought away. It didn’t matter. *Shouta* was now that person that could reach out to other kids with villain’s quirks and show them that they could do it. That they wouldn’t have a destined spot in prison like everyone claimed. That they could be whatever the hell they wanted to be. “I’d . . . like that. To meet her, I mean. I’ll text you later.”

“Of course,” Sakura said with a small smile, grabbing her shoulder bag and coffee cup. “Have a good day, Shouta-senpai. Oh, and tell that late bloomer hello. That one that you were speaking about last time?”

Shouta nodded firmly. “I’ll tell him. Have a good day, Sakura-san.” He left the café and let out a breath of relief when he was out in the cool air. The talk of quirk discrimination had set him on edge. Thinking of what Sakura went through, what Midoriya went through, what *little kids* went through everyday made Shouta want to throw something. He was jolted out of his thoughts by his own phone buzzing. He paused and shifted his takeaway bag under the arm holding the coffee cup and pulled out the phone with his free hand. He pulled up the message and smiled softly when he saw a selfie of Hizashi and Nemuri in the teachers’ lounge, the two sticking their tongues out at the camera childishly.

[Shouchan! Kitten, me and Nemuri miss you! It’s so strange not hearing your dulcet snores in the teachers’ lounge. I’ll see you after school, Love! Can’t wait to hear about your meeting with Boukyaku-san! Hope that it went well! We love you!]

The spark of anger burning in Shouta’s gut dulled a bit in the face of his husband’s and best friend’s love and a smile played on Shouta’s lips. He sent back a quick message before hurrying down the sidewalk, back to Yuuei. [It was good. I got you a chocolate muffin. I’m picking up Yagi-san after school, but I should be home before it gets dark. Depending on how thick headed he is. I love you both too.]

Shouta leaned against the side of his car, staring out at Musutafu airport with a cool, detached air about him. He had changed out of his hero uniform and was dressed in a black polo shirt, black pants, and his capture weapon slung around his neck. His hair had been tied back into a ponytail and, to any civilian, he would look like a regular person picking someone up after a long flight. Shouta was even holding onto a travel mug full of Italian coffee that he had stopped by the dorms to make. He may have whispered a few sentences to it about not telling Hizashi about his forbidden second cup.

All of the anger that he had built up over the last week was packed away neatly in his mind, finally ready to be put to use. The moment that Shouta saw those long blond locks floating above the crowd walking out of the airport, his shoulders tensed before he forced himself to relax.

Time to get answers.

“Aizawa-kun!” Yagi looked tired, Shouta noted. Probably jetlagged after a long flight. He had bags under his eyes and if Shouta was a kinder person he might’ve put the conversation they were about to have off to another time. Shouta was not a kinder person. “It’s good to see you,” the man boomed with a bright smile. Even in his smaller form, hints of All Might still shone through.

Shouta was not charmed. His jaw clenched and he inclined his head politely. “Yagi-san,” he said coolly. “Glad to see that you got here safely. Get in the car.”

Yagi seemed thrown off by Shouta’s cool tone. The two of them weren’t friends. Far from it. Even before Midoriya had told Shouta about One for All, Shouta really didn’t care for Yagi or the high-profile trouble he brought with him to Yuuei. He thought that the man was well meaning and was a good hero. But he was also obnoxious and ignorant of many things. Some people, kind people like Hizashi, might call the ignorance foolish. Shouta would call it idiotic. The man seemed to think that the answer to most things was punching it hard enough and had a black and white view of the world. Shouta wondered what he would think of the people that Shouta had worked to rehabilitate over the years. The people who turned to crime out of a necessity to survive or were pushed into a corner because of their Quirk Status and didn’t realize that it was too late until the police lights were flashing in their faces. Would Yagi call those people villains?

That didn't matter right now. What mattered was that there was a boy back at Yuuei who had been given a destructive quirk and had been given little to no instruction in how to use it. Who had been put in a position of extreme danger and whose teachers, people who were supposed to *keep him safe*, weren't made aware of said dangers. And Yagi had been the person to put him in said danger.

"Aizawa-kun," Yagi said slowly, shifting his shoulder bag anxiously. "Has something happened? I didn't receive a message from Nezu about anything but . . . "

Shouta narrowed his eyes dangerously. ". . . I had a talk with Midoriya while you were away. About how you trained him before he got into Yuuei."

Yagi blinked in confusion. "I, yes I-"

"And that you *gave* him something rather important. A crucial part of said training." Shouta tilted his head and said coolly, "Something that he didn't have before."

For a long moment, neither man spoke. Yagi had paled several shades, staring at Shouta in horror. Like Shouta had uncovered a deep secret that was never supposed to see the light of day. Shouta wondered how many other dark secrets the man had hiding in his closet. Yagi swallowed before saying softly, "Aizawa-kun, I . . ."

"Get in the car, Yagi-san."

Yagi got in the car.

Shouta got in the front seat and clenched the steering wheel tightly. He didn't look at Yagi but he could see the man out of the corner of his eye, shifting nervously in the passenger seat. "We're not going back to Yuuei," Shouta said in a forced calm tone. "We're going to my apartment. It's secure so we'll be able to talk freely." And, oh boy, did Shouta have plenty to say.

"Aizawa-kun," Yagi said softly as Shouta pulled out of the airport and onto the highway. "I understand that you want to speak about this. I am more than willing to. But I must stress the importance of secrecy here. Young Midoriya should never have told you about this. But now that he has, you are in a position of great danger."

The only thing that stopped Shouta from slamming on the brakes and ripping into Yagi right then and there was that they were in rush hour

traffic. Instead, his eyes flashed red, and he said in a carefully cool voice, “One more word, Yagi-san, and I throw you in front of a car. I’m not in the best mood right now and you’d be smart to be quiet until we get to the apartment.”

“But-“

“*Quiet.”*

The rest of the drive was silent, a heavy air appearing in the car. Shouta counted to ten multiple times in the car, keeping his anger in check. Every time he thought he had a handle on it, an image of Midoriya’s broken arms at the Sports Festival flashed through his mind or the thought of how close Midoriya had come to being kidnapped at the internships and his anger flared again. By the time they got to Shouta and Hizashi’s apartment, the old one they kept paying rent to in case they needed a quick place to crash after a case or somewhere convenient to fuck, Shouta’s anger had been forced down to a low simmer. He got out of the car silently, closing the door with a forceful thud. Yagi followed silently behind him as Shouta let them in the apartment. He led the retired hero up to the second floor and to the last door on the right, fishing around in his pocket for his keys before opening the door and ushering Yagi inside. Shouta locked the door behind him.

The apartment was slightly barren. They had taken most of everything with them to the dorms when they moved. There was a fold out table and two chairs in the living room along with an old TV that was resting on a desk, a fridge that was semi full of semi healthy food, a fully stocked first aid kit in the bathroom along with a roll of toilet paper and a single towel, a King-sized bed in the bedroom, and two outfits for each of them in the closet. And that was it. Yagi seemed shaken by the lackluster state of the apartment, pausing as he looked around as if he as wondering where everything was. Shouta didn’t bother with telling him to sit. He shrugged off his capture scarf and hung it on the hat rack by the door. He went to the fridge and grabbed one of the jelly pouches that he kept in there. He had forgotten his Italian coffee in the car and he had a feeling that he was going to need an extra kick during this conversation. “So,” he started, voice tense and dangerous, “you gave a Quirkless child a quirk and then proceeded not to tell anyone.”

There was a cough behind him. “Aizawa-kun, you must understand. If Young Midoriya told you about One for All then you know that I couldn’t risk telling anyone about it. There were dangers-“

“Oh, so you admit that there were dangers in giving the kid the quirk,” Shouta said, speaking over him. “Hazards like him breaking his arms multiple times until it got to a point that he wouldn’t be able to use them if he broke them anymore. Hazards like a Quirkless kid suddenly getting a quirk and the mental issues that would come from that.” Shouta felt the dry eye that came with his quirk activating and he closed them, taking a deep breath. “Take a seat, Yagi-san. We have a lot to talk about.”

Shouta walked to the fold out table and sat down, Yagi sitting down across from him slowly. Like Shouta was a dangerous predator that needed to be approached cautiously. “I’m going to outline several mistakes that you’ve made in the past few months,” Shouta said lowly. “After that, I’m going to want you to tell me what the *hell* you were thinking. Understand?”

Yagi hunched his shoulders and nodded meekly.

“Good. First, you gave a Quirkless teenage a quirk. In of itself, that isn’t bad. I’m sure that you gave him something that, while he didn’t need, he had been dreaming of for years. It must’ve been the best day of his life when you gave it to him. Where you failed in that regard was not giving him Quirk Counseling. Did Midoriya ever meet with a licensed professional on how to properly use his quirk?” Shouta already knew the answer but nodded at Yagi’s timid shake of his head. “No, I didn’t think so. Did you even *think* of the mental state Midoriya would have after spending fourteen years without a quirk and then suddenly being given the power of a God? Of the whiplash the kid would’ve gone through?” Shouta clenched his jaw tightly. “I’m not sure if you know about the statistics of Quirkless people now a days so let me share. Eighty five percent of Quirkless kids are expected to be bullied during their schooling career. The average Quirkless child gets suicide baited approximately five times a month. Whether it be with words alone or with other actions as well. The chances of them being abused is sixty five percent higher than a Quirked kid. Midoriya suddenly went from being the scum of the earth to being a child with a very powerful quirk. The sudden change would be enough for any child to feel lost and confused afterward.”

Shouta took a deep breath and plowed on when Yagi said nothing. “Secondly, you let him into Yuuei without telling anyone of his previous status. You allowed me to test him on the same level as children who have had their quirks for ten years without even *hinting* to me about when Midoriya had gotten his quirk. You didn’t need to tell me about One for All to do that. You could’ve just said that

Midoriya was a late bloomer and I would've adjusted my teaching style accordingly for him. But you didn't." Shouta gripped his jelly pouch tightly. "You are *extremely lucky."*

Judging by the wince that Yagi gave right there, he didn't feel lucky. "Aizawa-kun," he said softly, "I . . . have made several mistakes when it came to Young Midoriya. I can see that. But I was only thinking of his safety. Perhaps I should've told you or taken Young Midoriya to a Quirk Counselor. But I couldn't risk word of One for All getting out. If Villains knew. . . "

"I can respect that," Shouta hissed. "But, like I said, you didn't need to reveal the secret of this traveling fucking quirk to get Midoriya help. Late bloomers are a *thing*, Yagi. Midoriya would've been masquerading as an *extremely late* Late Bloomer but it isn't *underheard* of for teens to manifest quirks. Rare but not unheard of. But you bring me to an interesting point." He leveled a glare at Yagi and asked darkly, "Did you know when you gave Midoriya the quirk that All for One was alive? Because if you did, I'm going to be arresting you here and now for child endangerment and grooming a child to run a suicide mission."

Yagi paused, as if digesting the accusation, before his eyes widened in horror and he frantically shook his head. "No! No, Aizawa-kun, I swear that I thought he was dead. If I had known, I never would've given Young Midoriya the quirk at that moment. I would've dealt with All for One myself first before passing it on. I," the frail man ducked his head, "I know you must think horribly of me. But I would never intentionally put that boy in danger. I love him like a *son*, Aizawa-kun."

And the worst part of all of this? Shouta believed him. He had seen the looks that Yagi had given Midoriya in the past and he could definitely buy that there was a father son relationship between the two. Which was why all the ways that Yagi had failed the boy hurt so much. "I believe you," Shouta said, softening his tone an ounce. "I do. But you *have* put him in danger, even if it was unintentionally. The moment that you learnt that All for One was alive, you should've told me. I'm directly responsible for this boy's safety and I can't protect him if I don't know the danger he's in. Do you remember the Sports Festival? You should, he broke multiple limbs there." The flinch Yagi gave at the veiled accusation was small but there. "What do you want to bet that All for One was watching? That he saw this boy's power and connected the dots?" Shouta leaned forward. "Midoriya was grabbed a week later in Hosu by a Nomu. Who controls the Nomus,

Yagi?"

Yagi shuddered and whispered out, "All for One."

"Yes. All for One. Midoriya was almost kidnapped by that monster. Do you know what would've happened if Stain hadn't killed the Nomu then and there? Midoriya would've been taken somewhere far away, and we would've been in the dark on who had taken him," Shouta said coolly. "I can see two possibilities on what would've happened to Midoriya in that case. The first one is Midoriya dying. We most likely would've never found his body and your *precious* quirk would've died with him. The second one is Midoriya being brainwashed by that monster. Years later, Midoriya might've returned and the two of us would've had to face a boy that we both failed who had been twisted and wrapped in ways that would've left him loyal to All for One." Shouta swallowed at the mere thought. He had had students in the past that had just as great potential for villainy as they had for heroism and Midoriya had more than any student before him. He had the story, the charism, the drive, the intelligence.

People never considered that those great heroes they praised and worshipped often walked a line. That the right push at the wrong moment in their pasts could've sent them tipping down into a different path. Even without the possibility of All for One kidnapping him, Midoriya could've been a terrifying villain. All for One would've just sharpened that dangerous mind and pointed him towards the heroes. The thought of it, a Midoriya with villainous mindset and All for One guiding him along the way, left Shouta in a cold sweat.

Yagi's breath hitched. "Young Midoriya would never," he whispered weakly.

"I don't think so either. Willingly anyway. But I don't think he would've had much of a choice if it was between him dying there, cold and alone, or being able to survive another day." Shouta let out a breath and when he continued, his tone was quieter. Thoughtful. "It might've just been a small thing at first. Eat the food the man gave him because what else would he eat? Speak nicely when the man spoke to him to avoid punishment because who in their right mind wouldn't? But it would've escalated. Midoriya wouldn't have been at fault. He's a *child.* He would've been doing what he needed to do to survive. But it would've eventually escalated and Midoriya's entire being might've been twisted into someone unrecognizable. If I had known that All for One for a risk to him, Midoriya never would've been allowed to compete in the Sports Festival." Shouta met Yagi's

eyes evenly when the man's head lifted. "Maybe he would've been furious with the lost chance to prove himself. Maybe he would've hated me for it. But All for One would never know his identity and he'd be safe. I'd take his safety and hatred over him potentially dying any day."

Yagi swallowed and half-heartedly croaked, "I wanted him to have the chance to say to the world that he was there."

"He did. He also said it to All for One."

A silence settled over them. Yagi sat across from him like a deflated man and not just because of his appearance. There was a heavy guilt outlining every line of his body. Shouta felt a faint thread of sympathy for the man. He didn't think that Yagi was a bad man. He knew that this man loved Problem Child with everything he had. He would give the boy the world if Midoriya asked for it. The problem was that he was an idiot and an amateur teacher – who was still working on *getting* his teacher's license - that overlooked multiple things. Things that could've costed Midoriya his life. There was nothing more dangerous than an idiot with unlimited power and zero supervision. You could predict what a smart person could do. An idiot? Now that was another matter entirely.

Shouta sighed and set down his unopened jelly pouch. "You said that Midoriya never should've told me about One for All. I disagree. Midoriya has been on the edge of a breakdown for the better part of a year now and if he hadn't told me then there's a very real chance that the breakdown could've built up and up until he exploded. And it wouldn't have been pretty. With Midoriya's permission, I've told two other people. Yamada and Hound Dog. They'll be helping Midoriya from now with his mental health and controlling the quirk. He's also told Todoroki, someone who would kill for Midoriya without a moment's hesitation." Shouta gave Yagi a dangerous glare. "I *expect* that you won't give Midoriya a hard time about any of these decisions."

Yagi nodded, looking like he had a lump in his throat. "I won't. I suppose that I was thinking more about One for All being kept a secret than giving Midoriya a support system. Though, I truly thought that if he were to tell anyone, it would be Young Bakugou. They were childhood friends."

That was enough to draw a snort from Shouta, something that made Yagi jerk in surprise. "Bakugou," Shouta huffed. "I suppose I can't

blame you for that, seeing as I made the exact same mistake that you did there. Two days ago, Bakugou was removed from the heroics course and put into General Education for bullying, assault, and Quirk Discrimination." Shouta nodded darkly at Yagi's gasp of surprise. "We thought that they were rivals. We were wrong. Since Midoriya was diagnosed at age four as Quirkless, Bakugou has been discriminating against him. Until he can prove that he's changed and can act as a proper hero, he's been moved to General Education."

Yagi swallowed and nodded defeatedly. "I understand," he whispered softly. He chuckled wryly and slumped his shoulders. In that moment, he looked older than Shouta had ever seen him. "I'll speak with Young Midoriya about telling more people. Young Todoroki is a good choice. And Yamada-kun will be working to help him with One for All?"

"Yes, he will be. Lessons start tomorrow. I'll be there. You being there will be depending on what you tell me next." Shouta leaned forward with narrowed eyes. "Tell me how you met Midoriya. I need to know if I'm going to help him."

Yagi sighed and stapled his fingers together. "Do you remember the sludge villain that almost killed Young Bakugou? Young Midoriya had been attacked by it earlier that day. I stopped the villain from almost killing the boy. He had been drowning in the villain's sludge when I got there."

Shouta hummed and nodded. "So, you took him to a hospital and talked to him there," he assumed. It made sense. Midoriya must've been so excited to speak to one of his favourite heroes and started rambling in his excitement. Shouta knew that if he had listened to maybe two minutes of Midoriya's analysis, maybe less, before he had gone to Yuuei then he would've been scrambling to take the boy on as a student.

So, he was rightfully stunned when Yagi winced and shook his head. "No. I didn't. My time limit was running out so . . ."

"You called an ambulance for him? Dropped him off at the nearest hospital before quickly leaving," Shouta asked, tone getting darker as he picked up on what Yagi was implying.

"No. I . . . tried to leave. Young Midoriya grabbed my leg before I could and I landed on a rooftop," Yagi explained meekly, shying back in the face of Shouta's fury. "I admonished him for grabbing onto me and went to leave. Before I could, he asked me if a Quirkless person

could be a hero. I," he swallowed and ducked his head, "I told him no. They couldn't be. That is was unrealistic."

For a few moments, Shouta's mind was blank. Completely empty. And then it was suddenly screaming with so many thoughts that he almost fell out of his chair. So many things that could've happened that would've resulted in Shouta never even meeting his Problem Child because of what happened the day that Yagi met Midoriya. So many ways that could've ended in Midoriya's death. Shouta's hands were trembling as he ran them through his hair and when he spoke, his voice was twinged with fury. "Okay. I hope that you're already aware of all the ways that you messed up that day. But I'm going to outline them for you in case you don't.

"You rescued a civilian from a villain. A civilian who had almost drowned in sludge that could've been contaminated in only God knows what. And instead of taking him to a hospital to be properly looked over, you went to leave him there. And then, *then,* after Midoriya grabbed onto you, likely dazed and looking for comfort, you reprimanded him for him. And, *once again,* went to leave him. On a *roof.*" Shouta let out a deep breath and it wasn't until Yagi's face was awash in a red light that he realized that he had activated his quirk and closed his eyes, taking a deep breath to try and calm himself. It didn't work. "And then, he asked you if he could be a hero with his Quirk status. And instead of telling him, a boy who had just been attacked and was looking for comfort from his favourite hero, that he could be a hero. You told him no. And then *left him on a roof*."

"Aizawa-kun-"

"Do you know the Quirkless suicide rates?"

Yagi froze, going several shades paler. "Suicide rates," he repeated in a whisper.

"Yes," Shouta hissed. "The suicide rates. Quirkless kids are five times more likely than Quirked kids to attempt suicide. And as I said before, average Quirkless kids are suicide baited approximately five times a month. And you left a Quirkless child on a roof after telling him that his dreams are unrealistic." Shouta leaned forward and said darkly, "You are *extremely lucky*. I cannot begin to tell you how lucky you are that you weren't greeted the next morning by a headline about a Quirkless kid jumping off a rooftop." Shouta scoffed in disgust and stood up, tugging at his hair restlessly. "Why did you say that," he hissed at Yagi.

This answer was going to matter. If Yagi ever wanted to be allowed to see Midoriya Izuku ever again then what he said next was going to *matter*. Already, Shouta was close to just saying fuck it and cutting Yagi out of 1-A's curriculum all together and urging Vlad to do the same with 1-B.

Yagi swallowed and ducked his head. "I wasn't thinking of him."

"*Clearly*."

"No," Yagi croaked. "I was thinking of *myself* when I was Midoriya's age. Of how weak I was and how I never would've been able to be a hero without my quirk. My *Master's* quirk."

Shouta paused as that sunk in and he let out a deep breath because *Oh. Well shit*. "You were quirkless."

Yagi nodded, closing his eyes as if he was in pain. "Yes. I was. And I wanted to be a hero more than anything. But I only managed to get on the path of heroism with her quirk." He let out a bitter laugh. "I connected having a quirk to being a hero in my foolishness. And I was thinking of All for One. If I was almost defeated when I had a powerful quirk, then what chance would a Quirkless person have?" He let out a shaky breath and lowered his face into his hands. "Looking back, I cannot believe that I said that."

"But you did." Shouta's fury reduced to a dull roar, instead of an overwhelming inferno. "You did. To be honest, I don't really care about *why* you said that. I couldn't care *less* that you were projecting your own feelings onto him. I care about the fact that you said it and how it probably impacted my student's mental health. The fact that you feel bad about it now? Great, go forward and never say anything like that to *anyone* again. But you told a Quirkless child that their dreams were unrealistic and then left him on that rooftop. You, a former Quirkless person, should have known better. You feeling bad now doesn't change what you said." Shouta tilted his head back towards the ceiling and he let out a deep breath. "I don't want you alone with Midoriya anymore."

Yagi's breath hitched. "What?"

"You heard me," Shouta said, voice void of any emotion. "Any time you speak with him, someone else has to be there. You've made far too many mistakes when it comes to Midoriya to be allowed alone with him." He turned to Yagi with his jaw clenched. "I'm glad that you feel bad about what you said. But I need to consider Midoriya's

mental health, and I can't risk you saying something else that you'll *regret* later on." Shouta let out a deep breath. "I'll tell Midoriya about it later on today. But I can't risk you being alone with my student anymore."

"I . . . I understand," Yagi whispered. His eyes were filled with tears and he looked like he was holding them back out of sheer willpower alone. "I'll be sure that another teacher is with me whenever I speak to Young Midoriya."

Shouta nodded firmly. "Good." He softened his position briefly and sighed. "Look, this is just as much for your benefit as it is for his. You care for this kid? You want to keep a relationship with him? You need someone there to keep you in check. And are you in therapy?" He nodded firmly at Yagi's meek nod. "Good. Talk about what happened and go forward. This is for *every* child in 1-A, by the way. Not just Midoriya. You are no longer allowed with any child in 1-A without someone, a *teacher,* being present. I'll be shadowing your classes with 1-A from now on and I'll be urging Vlad to do the same with his class." Class 1-A's Fundamental Heroics period happened to be the same period where Shouta normally had a nap. Dammit. He was losing a nap time. *Fucking All Might.*

Yagi nodded, letting out a shaky breath. "Very well. Thank you for allowing me to see him at all, Aizawa-kun. Do you want me there with Young Midoriya to explain on how I can't see him alone anymore?"

"No," Shouta muttered, rubbing his forehead. "I'll do it." He sighed and shook his head. "Is there anything about this quirk that I don't already know?"

"It's a stockpiling quirk. I'm afraid that's all I know about it."

Fucking great.

Shouta sighed and nodded. "Fine. Hizashi and Midoriya's new quirk counseling can work with him on discovering new things about the quirk. We'll keep you updated on whatever happens during them."

Yagi nodded meekly, wiping at his eyes. "Alright," he whispered.

"Good. C'mon," Shouta muttered, grabbing his jelly pouch. "I need to speak with Midoriya, and he should be done with his therapy session by now. Let's go back to the dorms." He walked over to the door and, after grabbing his capture scarf from the hat rack and slinging it back around his neck, went to open it.

“Wait.”

Shouta paused at Yagi’s words and turned slightly. From what he could see of Yagi from the corner of his eye, the man still looked guilty and miserable. But he had straightened a little and had a familiar look of determination in his eyes. “I swear to you, Aizawa-kun. I’ll fix what I’ve done.”

Shouta considered what he wanted to say for a moment before speaking. “I don’t think you *can* fix things. But you *can* go forward and *do* better. So do better, Yagi-san.” Shouta opened the apartment door and walked out, leaving Yagi behind to follow him.

“Please, Midoriya, have a seat.”

Midoriya smiled at Shouta as he sat down in the loveseat in Shouta’s office, folding his hands in his lap. He looked happy, something that Shouta was glad to see. The rest of the day had obviously gone well for the kid and the therapy session seemingly hadn’t gone bad. His eyes were a little red like he had been crying recently but he seemed almost lighter. Like he had shed something during the day. “Okay, sensei,” he chirped. Midoriya tilted his head curiously. “I’m not in trouble, am I?”

Shouta arched an eyebrow from where he was sitting in his plush armchair, leaning against it tiredly. It had been an exhausting day. From the lunch with Sakura to ripping into Yagi, Shouta was more than ready to crawl into bed and cuddle with his husband and their cats. “Kid, you rarely do anything that warrants me even scolding you, let alone getting you in *actual* trouble. You’re fine.” He sighed and tapped his fingers against his knee. “How did your day go, Problem Child?”

“It went good,” Midoriya chirped with a bright grin. “Hitoshi, Shouto, Urarka and I did some rock climbing during free period today. Kayama-sensei spotted us, and we used all the safety equipment just like you always tell us too. And Hitoshi said that he’s gonna make us some dinner tonight. Apparently, he has the *best* curry recipe from his Auntie that he wants to make us and he said that it’s spicy but *nothing* is spicier than *my* Auntie’s curry so,” he cut himself off with a blush and ducked his head. “Sorry, I’m rambling.”

Shouta fought back a sigh and shook his head. “Like I said, you’re fine, kid. I’m glad you had a good day and listened to me about the

safety equipment." He leaned forward and rested his hands on his knees. "I wanted to tell you that I spoke to All Might today."

Midoriya straightened in his seat and he frowned, shifting in his seat anxiously. "He's not mad at me, is he? For telling you and Shouto? And letting you tell Yamada-sensei and Ryo-san?"

"No. He's not." If he had been and planned on telling Midoriya that, Shouta probably would've forbidden Yagi from speaking to Midoriya altogether. As it was, Shouta had barely allowed him to stay in contact with Midoriya at all after all the mistakes Yagi had made regarding this child. Shouta didn't regret making this decision to have another adult present with any meetings between the two. The only thing that Shouta was worried about was how Midoriya was going to react to this news. Shouta didn't mind being the bad guy in circumstances like these. But he hated when his students were disappointed or upset about said decisions, even if they were made in their best interest. "He understands why you told me and isn't mad in the slightest. We had a long talk, and he approves of the people that you told. Todoroki included."

That seemed to please Midoriya, the kid relaxing a little in his seat. "Good."

Shouta sighed and nodded. "Yeah. Listen, kid, I have to tell you something. You might not be happy with what I have to tell you, but I hope that you'll listen to me and hear me out. You know that I wouldn't make a decision regarding you without your best interests at heart, right?"

The immediate nod that Midoriya gave soothed a bit of Shouta's worry. "Of course, sensei. I know that you wouldn't do something without thinking about it first." He hummed and leaned back in his chair, cupping his chin thoughtfully. "I mean, I wasn't happy when Kacchan was put in General Education, but I know *why* you did it. And you didn't do it just to do it. I don't think that you're like that. You did it because you thought that it was the best thing for everyone involved. And," Midoriya ducked his head and shrugged a little, "like I said, I'm not *happy* that Kacchan isn't in heroics anymore. But I guess I'm happier about him not being around, if that makes sense? I feel more relaxed now that he's not in the dorms. And sparing was better today too because I didn't have him trying to go really hard against me. I mean, I know that we're training for *actual* fights but it's sparing, you know, and I never get seriously hurt when I'm sparing against anyone else." He blushed, seemingly realizing that he went off

topic again, and shrugged. “So, um, y-yeah. I’ll hear you out, Aizawa-sensei. Maybe I won’t be happy about it, but I’ll listen to why you did it.”

Shouta’s lips twitched up into a small smile that he didn’t bother forcing away. “Thank you, Problem Child. I’m glad that you trust me enough to give me that.” He took a deep breath. “I talked to All Might about you today. And he told me about how the two of you met. Before I tell you what the decision I made is, I’d like to ask you a few questions about that day. Alright?”

Midoriya blinked in surprise but nodded. “Of course, Aizawa-sensei.”

“Okay. You were attacked by the sludge villain before Bakugou. I know that Bakugou received medical attention the day afterward because it’s in his file. Did you?” Shouta felt like he already knew the answer but was dismayed when Midoriya shook his head. “Your mother didn’t take you?”

Midoriya winced. “I . . . I didn’t tell mom that I was attacked. I didn’t want her getting upset.” He rubbed the back of his neck and sighed. “I probably should’ve but I knew that she would’ve cried, and I *hate* making her cry. She’s always crying because of me. I didn’t want to get in trouble” he added on in a mumble like it was an afterthought.

Annnnnnnnnd, that right there cemented Shouta’s decision to make a home visit to the Midoriya household in the near future. No child should be afraid of telling their parents about medical issues.

Shouta sighed but nodded, putting that away in a mental file labelled ***“Midoriya Inko”***. This wasn’t the time to push about the mother. Midoriya was safe at Yuuei for now and that wouldn’t be changing anytime soon. “Okay, thank you for telling me that, kid. Did you get any lung infections or anything after that?” He internally sighed in relief when Midoriya shook his head. “Okay, good. I’ll be telling Recovery Girl tomorrow about this to put it in your file.” He softened his voice for what came next. “Now, All Might said that he told you that you couldn’t be a hero simply because you were Quirkless at the time.” He watched Midoriya flinch, as if remembering the event, and reached forward, gently putting his hand on the kid’s shoulder. “I hope that you’re aware that what he said was wrong.”

Midoriya sniffled and nodded, wiping at his eyes weakly. “Y-yes, sensei. I . . . I know. I mean, you think that I could’ve done it and I trust you. I just . . . it was *All Might.*”

“It was. It was All Might who told you the biggest lie in the world.” Shouta ducked his head and tilted it so he was looking Midoriya in the eyes. “Would it have been harder for you than most? Yes. Do I think you would’ve been able to do it? *Yes.* Without a doubt in my mind.” He squeezed Midoriya’s shoulder and softened his tone. “He was wrong, Problem Child. I’m sorry that he ever told you that. He was *wrong*.”

There was a pause before Midoriya smiled wetly and nodded. It was a bit forced but Shouta couldn’t blame the kid. Not after everything he had learnt. It would take a while for Midoriya to learn that everything he had gone through was wrong. “Thank you, Aizawa-sensei. It means a lot for you to say that.”

Shouta nodded, squeezing his shoulder once more before pulling away. “Good. And that brings me to the decision I made. I told Yagi-san that I don’t want him speaking to you alone anymore.”

There was a pause where the kid’s face fell slightly and he just stared at Shouta. Finally, Midoriya seemed to remember his promise to hear Shouta out and asked softly, “May I ask why, sensei?”

“Because the decisions that he’s made up until now has consistently hurt you. Perhaps it was unintentional. But you were still hurt because of the decisions he made,” Shouta explained gently. “It’s not just you. No one from class 1-A is allowed to be alone with him from here on out. It’s a decision I made with the mental health of all of my students in mind. I need to think about how the people you kids interact will affect you and after hearing what All Might said to you and all the lackluster decisions he’s made that resulted in you being hurt, I believe that it would beneficial to have another adult present when the two of you are meeting.”

Midoriya nodded slowly, wiping at his eyes. “I . . . I understand. I mean, I’m not *happy* with it but I understand why you made the decision. I know that All Might was trying his best. I do. But . . . Ryo-san said that I should look at situations with other people in the spot that I was in and see how I feel about it then. Like, he said that I have a blind spot when it comes to myself and how I was hurt in the past.” Midoriya let out a breath and leaned back against the couch. “So, if I’m doing it like that then I should put Shouto in these memories, right? I don’t like the idea of anyone telling Shouchan that he can’t be a hero. Even if he was Quirkless like me than Shouchan is still smart and fast and getting great with hand-to-hand combat. And,” Midoriya rubbed at his scarred hands absentmindedly, “All Might didn’t really

help me learning how to use the quirk. I mean, he sent me to Gran Torino during internships, but I think a lot of things would've been easier if he had called him right off the bat. I probably could've done better during the assessment test if I already had my Full Cowling technique. And I wouldn't have broken my limbs during the entrance exam either. And I don't like the idea of Shouchan breaking his arms so many times because he didn't know how to use the quirk properly. So that means that since it would've been wrong for Shouto to go through that, it was wrong for *me* to go through all of that." He looked up at Shouta shyly, like he was looking for approval. "Right?"

A spark of pride grew in Shouta's gut and he nodded approvingly. "That's exactly right. I'm glad that you understand that, Problem Child. It *was* wrong for you to go through that, and you were hurt because of what All Might did. It doesn't matter if it was unintentional. You were still hurt. And that's why I put restrictions into him speaking to you. I can't risk him accidentally hurting you again. So, if he needs to talk to you or vice versa, I'd like you to find either myself or Yamada-sensei. Either of us would be fine with sitting in on any talks that need to be had."

". . . Okay, sensei. I understand." Midoriya smiled softly. "I'm a bit frustrated but I trust you. You haven't steered me wrong so far."

And wasn't that a lot of pressure that Problem Child just laid ever so gently on Shouta's shoulders? Still, Shouta swore to himself that he'd prove himself worthy of this trust. "And I'll do my best to avoid doing that," he promised. Shouta tilted his head curiously. "How are you feeling? It's okay if you're upset with me."

Midoriya chewed on his lip thoughtfully. "I . . . I'm okay. I'm not *happy* but I'm not *unhappy* either. And I'm not upset with you. I'm upset at the situation but not at you. I'll still get to see All Might even if someone else has to be there, but I understand why that has to happen. You did what you did cause you want to keep us safe. And," he ducked his head but Shouta saw a small smile a spilt second before he did, "it's nice having someone try and do that."

"That *is* my job, Problem Child," Shouta drawled, earning light laughter from the kid. "Alright, head on back to the dorms, kid. Tell the other brats to avoid burning down the dorms, okay? I know that you kids like bright things but try and remember that fire outside of training is off-limits."

Midoriya glanced up with a mock pout, shoulders shaking with

restrained laughter. “But, *Sensei.* Fire’s so pretty and red.” The kid burst into giggles when Shouta ruffled his hair, ducking away from him.

“*Off-limits,* Problem Child.”

“So, I saw Yagi a few minutes ago. Guessing that you didn’t kill him?”

Shouta glanced over his shoulder as he closed the front door, feeling a soft smile grow on his face as he took in the view. Hizashi was in the kitchen, a frilly pink apron tied around his waist with Precious laid across his shoulders. He was looking at Shouta over his shoulder with a fond smile, a bit of sauce smeared over one cheek that Precious was leaning towards and trying her best to lick. Pure love washed over Shouta, pushing away the leftover anger from his conversation with Yagi. He walked over and wrapped his arms around Hizashi from behind, resting his chin on his husband’s shoulder. Precious made a quiet noise of protest and jumped down before padding over to the couch. “Not today. Got close a few times though.”

Hizashi hummed and leaned back against him, pressing a kiss to Shouta’s cheek. “Can’t blame you. Anything that I need to know?”

“Yeah. Yagi isn’t allowed to interact with any of the kids in 1-A without supervision.” Shouta sighed and leaned his head against Hizashi’s. “I don’t want to go into it, but Yagi said some things to Problem Child which made me unwilling to leave them alone together because of the kid’s mental health. But he agreed that it was for the best and that he’d find either of us if he needed to talk to Midoriya about anything.” Shouta sighed again, shoulders slumping a little. “It was a . . . difficult talk, ‘Zashi.”

“Oh, kitten,” Hizashi cooed, reaching up and gently running his fingers through Shouta’s hair. “Why don’t we have a relaxing night tonight then? No grading or anything. Just some cold soba and trashy TV?”

Shouta hummed and nodded, closing his eyes. “That sounds good,” he whispered. “So, I got through my day with minimal tears. What about you?”

Hizashi chuckled. “Well, there wasn’t any tears but there was a minor issue. Bakugou wasn’t too happy with the differences between

the Quirk Control Lessons we have in General Education and the training the heroics kids get. I tried to get him to help out with other kids since he already has a handle on his quirk and I can't let him do the training hero kids do since, well, he's not a hero student anymore. But Bakugou refused to participate so he spent the period writing the first of his morality essays. Nezu assigned him four different essays that are due by the end of the year. Why bullies shouldn't be put in positions of power, the different types of Quirk Discrimination and how it affects people, the qualities that good heroes should have and why, and a research paper on three different villains that were chosen by Nezu that were failed by society."

"I see. Nezu always did like assigning morality essays, didn't he? Did Bakugou get a page limit on any of them?"

"Nope. Nezu just said to make them as long as they need to be." Hizashi chuckled. "But I can't see Bakugou half assing it. He isn't the type. Hopefully he'll learn something from the lessons. That is the goal of them, after all."

They were. Nezu assigned essays like these with the goal of the writer absorbing what they were writing and would use those lessons moving forward. Hopefully, Bakugou would be learning something that would help him on the way to returning to the heroics course. But it would be a long journey, especially if he refused to participate in lessons where he could prove that he was trying. "Either way, I hope that things are finally calming down now," Shouta muttered. "First lesson you got with Problem Child tomorrow. I'll walk him over there after lessons. You're going to be teaching him meditation, right?"

Hizashi grinned. "Yep. An overpowered kid's best friend. Get that mind all settled and calm before every work out session. Did you know that a bunch of accidents with overpowered kids happen because they're trying *too* hard? They're focusing so much on not hurting either others or themselves that they tense up and usually end up hurting someone anyway by accident. So, we do meditation before every lesson and then can go into lessons untense and relaxed. I'm doing the same thing with Kaminari in the lessons I'm doing with him and he's doing a bit better already." His grin was twinged with a bit of pride. "He managed to learn these punches, you know? Where he's letting out just a *little bit* of electricity. He's still perfecting it and I'm not letting him try outside of private lessons yet, but he's just a few lessons away from nailing them. Hopefully they'll be ready before the Provisional exams. He'd wreck house with them."

“Can’t wait to see it,” Shouta hummed sleepily. He felt like he was about to fall asleep standing up, something that he had done before. “I’m going to go lie down. Wake me when dinner’s ready?”

Hizashi smiled and pecked Shouta on the lips. “Of course, Kitten. Have a nice sleep.”

Shouta nodded and detached himself from Hizashi, padding over to the couch and practically collapsing on it. He curled up and within a few seconds, he felt two small weights settle on him. Whatever. The cats could sleep on him if they wanted. Shouta had earned a well-deserved nap at this point. He had a wonderful lunch with Sakura, settled things with Yagi, and made sure that his Problem Child was doing okay. So, yeah . . . a nap sounded good.

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